or when a new beauty is revealed in sea or sky, man or woman.

It is an instinct of the soul as natural as hope or love or admiration. It is God in the heart before He is in the temple or in the scripture. All religious teachers appeal to it. Because God is *in* us, God in song or saint appeals to us.

It was in response to this appeal that those learned Eg5/ˆptian priests of old marched in procession bearing the books of Hermes and the ark of Osirns ; that Moses stretched forth his rod to smite the rock and produce living water for his people and inscribed the laws on the tables of stons amidst the thunderings and lightnings of the sacred mountain Sinai; that Babylon built its highest tower for the Divinity, a tower that shall reach up unto heaven; that Zoroaster * climbed every morning Mount Asnavat to catch the first gleam of the rising sun and prostrated himself in worship to that symbol of Eternal Light; that the Druid reared with gigantic stones his mystic circle in hallowed oak groves,

It was in response to this very call that many thousands of years ago when the western world was just emerging from the stone age with hardly any sense of the sublime, the hoary caves of the snowy Himalayas

resounded with the
transporting hymns of the Aryan sages in
praise of their
Vedic deities. These latter were believed to
preside each
over a particular group of natural
phenomena. Thus a
ruling god was proclaimed behind each
department of nature,
an awe-inspiring or benevolent god in each
stupendous
object, a god in the luminous sun in the sky,
a god in each
wondrous movement in creation. The grand
movements
of planetary bodies, of winds and rivers,
caused the RIshis
astonishment and awe. They worshipped -
anything and
everything that excited in them wonder,
veneration or
gratitude. They bowed reverently before the
high heavens
and offered prayer and praise to thunder,
lightning and rain.
To the sun and fire, to the winds and rivers,
they offered
their hearts' warmest thanksgiving as to
their best b<?ne*